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2099
29
JUN
PUNISHER 2099 A.D.
AGENT OF
SHIELD
DOOM
DIRECT EDITION
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HE IS MULTI-FRACTOR... OR RATHER WAS...
HE THEN BECAME JIGSAW 2099...
HA-HA-HA!
MWWWLLARGH!
1
2
3
4
WHAT HE IS NOW IS HARD TO SAY...
OR WHAT HIS TORMENTORS WILL TURN HIM INTO...
BEGIN WITH THE SYNTH-SILK... SEW HIM UP REAL GOOD.
IT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD EVEN HIM TOGETHER, LASER-HEAD.
NO NEED FOR ANAESTHETIC... I LIKE WATCHING HIS PAIN!
GRAAAGH!
ARMY ISSUE FIELD STAPLE-GUN SHOULD CLOSE THE MAJOR SPLITS IN HIS FLESH.
THESE MICRO-SERVOS ARE FRAGGED, LASER-HEAD, AND WE DON'T GOT A MANUAL.
NO PROBLEM, DOG TAG! WE'LL USE PARTS OF THAT OLD ROBOT ROAD REPAIR UNIT WE STOLE THIS MORNING.
KA-TUG! CHUG!
LASER-HEAD...! YOU'VE DONE PUT HIS LEFT ARM ON THE WRONG WAY ROUND.
NO, THAT WAS DELIBERATE, DOG... I KINDA LIKE IT THAT WAY...

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AND I SEE YOU'VE USED THE T-PORT GUN ON HIS LEFT LEG, SIR... REPLACED THE LOST FLESH WITH CAT FUR...
YEP... CAUGHT A CAT IN THE T-PORT BEAM... AND FUSED IT RIGHT INTO HIM.
THIS GANG OF EX-ARMY THUGS TAKE PLEASURE FROM SUCH DEGENERATE ACTS OF CRUELTY BECAUSE...
...THEY ARE DERANGED SURVIVORS OF THE POLLUTION WARS...
I'LL PUT THE DOG-LEASH ON HIM, SARGE. WE'LL TAKE HIM FOR WALKIES.
HOW THEY FOUND JIGSAW IS UNKNOWN... ALL THE HISTORY OF 2099 RECORDS IS THAT HE WAS BLASTED FROM THE PUNISHER'S MOLECULAR VAPORIZER...
C'MON, DOGGIE... GO "WOOF"...
WHY AIN'T HE GOING "WOOF", SOLDIER?
THAT'S IT... THAT'LL MAKE HIM DANCE...
BZZZT!
DURN IT, DOG TAG... I'LL POUR GASOLINE ON HIM... YOU SET A LIGHT TO HIM... AND I'LL GUARANTEE HE'LL GO "WOOF!"
LASER, YOU ARE THE SMARTEST, NASTIEST PLATOON LEADER A SOLDIER COULD HAVE... BUT IT WOULD BE MORE FUN STICKING BARE-WIRES ON HIM...
HE AIN'T DANCING...
STICK THE WIRE ON THAT THING ON HIS CHEST... SEE WHAT HAPPENS THEN...

THE POWER PACK THAT ENERGIZES MULTI-FACTOR HUNGRILY ABSORBS ENERGY STRAIGHT FROM THE HOUSE GENERATORS...
AND ONCE AGAIN... JIGSAW 2099 JIGS!
PLAYING GOD
PAT MILLS & TONY SKINNER WRITERS • ENRIQUE VILLAGRAN ARTIST • JANICE CHIANG LETTERER • IAN LAUGHLIN COLORIST • JOEY CAVALIERI EDITOR • BOBBIE CHASE CHIEF
GONE FISHIN' WITH SHARLEEN AND RUTH • MALIBU COMPUTER COLOR

BECAUSE MATT AXEL'S CREATION IS NON-ORGANIC, THE ALLIGATOR COULD NOT FUSE WITH HIM...
WHICH LEFT SO MUCH SYNTH-SKIN ON THE FLOOR... A SHINY KILLER MACHINE... AND ONE SERIOUSLY IRATE ALLIGATOR.
KRUSH!
SLAMM
FIELD TEST ONE COMPLETED... YOU HAVE DONE WELL, PUNISHER... ALTHOUGH YOU ARE NOT YET READY TO FACE YOUR TREACHEROUS COUNTERPART...

...KILLING THE PUNISHER!
COME INSIDE JOEL--THE PUNISHERS ARE ON THE STREETS TONIGHT...!
AND THEY'VE LOWERED THE AGE OF LEGAL RESPONSIBILITY TO SEVEN AND A HALF.
I KNOW YOU'VE HAD DOUBTS, MATT, BUT COMING OUT WITH US ON PUNISHMENT PATROL SHOULD LAY THEM TO REST.
WE'RE REALLY MAKING A DIFFERENCE TO CRIME FIGURES.
BUT YOU'RE NOT STOPPING CRIME--YOU'RE STOPPING *LIFE*. NOBODY'S BREAKING THE LAW... NOBODY'S DOING ANYTHING...
THE WHOLE POPULATION'S *TERRORIZED*.
EXACTLY. I WONDER WHY NO ONE'S DONE IT BEFORE.

THEY *HAVE*, JAKE. IT'S CALLED A MILITARY DICTATORSHIP.
WHAT'S NEXT...? "THOUGHT POLICE"? WILL IT SOON BE A CRIME TO EVEN *THINK* BAD THINGS?
WELL... *YES*... NOW YOU COME TO MENTION IT...
NOW DON'T SHOUT ME DOWN, MATT... LET ME FINISH...
...MY SHIELD RESEARCH TEAM HAS COME UP WITH THIS EMOSCAN SYSTEM... EMOTION CRIME DETECTORS.
THEY CATCH THE CRIMINAL IN THE FIRST STAGE OF THE CRIME PROCESS: THINKING ABOUT IT...
DEMONSTRATE IT TO MR. AXEL, *CAPT PUNISHER WONG.*
I'D LIKE TO CORD THIS MYSELF, CHIEF GALLOWS... FOR MY FILES.
AH... MATT-- I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'VE MET INTERNAL INVESTIGATION OFFICER SAFFRON...?
DOOM APPOINTED HER AT THE SAME TIME AS ME... I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHAT HER JOB IS.
WHY, I'M SIMPLY AN OBSERVER... SIR.
MR. AXEL... WEREN'T YOU THE PUNISHER'S ACCOMPLICE BACK WHEN HE WAS AN ILLEGAL VIGILANTE?
WHAT ARE YOU SUGGESTING?

WHY, NOTHING, LIKE I SAID, I'M SIMPLY AN... OBSERVER.
LOOKS LIKE A VIOLATION--A CODE ELEVEN! WE SHOULD MOVE QUICKLY IF WE'RE GOING TO SAVE HER.
PICKING UP A SIGNAL IN HOTEL METROPOLIS--ROOM 23-9, CHIEF...! ONE MALE--ONE FEMALE...
JUDGING BY THE EMOSCAN, SOMETHING HEAVY'S GOING DOWN...
HOLD YOUR FIRE, WONG... I THINK IF YOU RECALIBRATE TO INCLUDE RESPONSE SIGNAL, YOU'LL FIND THAT... YEP!
JUST A COUPLE OF MARRIEDS HAVING FUN... WE MIGHT NOT LIKE WHAT THEY'RE DOING... BUT IT AIN'T ILLEGAL...
YET.
BUT WHAT'S THAT?
I'M ON IT. IT'S THE NEIGHBORING ROOM-23-10... THE TWO SIGNALS WERE INTERPHASED...
ALERT ALERT ALERT
I-I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN, SIR.

"APPROACHING 23RD FLOOR...
"SENDING IN SPY-DROID NOW...
"COMMENCING THERMAL AND SONIC IMAGING...
WHIRRR
OKAY--THIS GUY GETS WASTED... WONG--I WANT YOU AND CHAYSS ON THIS BUST...
WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT...? YOU'RE GOING TO *PUNISH* THIS GUY BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIKE WHAT HE'S *THINKING*?
THEY SHOW HE'S GOT A VIBRASAW...
EMOTIONAL AND CEREBRAL PROFILE SUGGEST THE NEXT PERSON TO KNOCK ON HIS DOOR IS GOING TO BITE THE BIG ONE!
CRIME IS A DEFINITE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS...IT BEGINS WITH THE THOUGHT AND ENDS WITH THE KNIFE IN THE BACK...WE JUST HAVE THE HI-TECH SOLUTION...
I THOUGHT YOU OF ALL PEOPLE WOULD KNOW THAT, MATT...

I'M SORRY TO DO THIS, MATT... BUT I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR ATTITUDE...
I'VE GOT TO LET YOU GO... SHIELD CAN'T AFFORD TO CARRY PASSENGERS.
I'M NOT FIRED. I'M RESIGNING!
CHAYSS-- LET ME OUT OF HERE.
OKAY-- SQUAD! IT'S PUNISHMENT TIME!

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED
CAUTION ROTTCYBER ON PATROL
IT IS DARRYL KING'S MANSION... THE MAN WHO WAS ONCE THE FEARMASTER... HEAD OF THE CYBER-NOSTRA--THE CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION THAT TERRORIZED NEW YORK...
...RIGHT UP UNTIL THE TIME HE MET THE PUNISHER...
...WHEN JAKE FORCED HIS ALIEN HAND BACK ONTO HIS OWN BODY... TURNING HIM INTO MUD.
KRASH!
THE FEARMASTER'S RIGHT HAND MAN WAS JIGSAW WHO... EVEN NOW APPROACHES.
KABOOOM

SHOCK! I'VE NEVER GOT THE HANG OF DOORS!
GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, BOSS...
BOSS?
SHOCK! TURNED HIMSELF INTO MUD!
MUST HAVE BEEN SUICIDE... GEE! DARRYL, I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE THE TYPE...
STILL--GUESS YOU DON'T NEED YOUR *HAND OF THE GODS* NO MORE... AND IT'LL SURE LOOK GOOD ON THE END OF THIS CRANE EXTENSION.
HUUUH?

IT WASN'T SUICIDE, YOU GROTESQUE MORON. THE PUNISHER DID THIS TO ME. I WAS TRYING TO TURN HIM TO MUD.
THIS IS FOR TRYING TO STEAL MY HAND... EVEN IF IT DID REACTIVATE ME.
AND MY NAME IS FEARMASTER... EMPHASIS ON "MASTER"!
YES... BOSS... MASTER... FEARMASTER!
NOW TO BUSINESS... HAS MUCH CHANGED-- APART FROM YOUR FEATURES-- SINCE MY ACCIDENT?
I SEE... WELL, AS LONG AS THE PUNISHER STILL LIVES I CAN KILL HIM! THAT'S ALL I CARE ABOUT!
UUUH! I'D BETTER FILL YOU IN, BOSS...
ER... ALCHEMAX NO LONGER CONTROLS NEW YORK... SOMEONE CALLED DOOM IS PRESIDENT... AND THE PUNISHER SEEMS TO BE THE HIGH POLICE WARLORD OF THE CITY. SOME OUTFIT CALLED "SHIELD".
APART FROM THAT, EVERYTHING'S PRETTY MUCH THE SAME...

MEANWHILE...
I'M BORED WITH WAITING... I'VE CALLED ROOM SERVICE--WHOEVER THEY SEND WILL BE THE FIRST VICTIM...
BEEP! BEEP!
HERE WE GO! LIFE HAS NO MEANING AND I SHALL PROVE IT...
ROOM SERVICE... THE COFFEE YOU ORDERED, SIR.
SORRY, DIDN'T CATCH THAT...COULD YOU COME CLOSER TO THE DOOR?
CERTAINLY, SIR...IS THIS BETTER?
ZZZHEEEZZZZ!
HAAA, HAAA, HAAA!

UUUH? NOTHING!
SURPRISE!
BLAM!
NO, CHAYSS! I WANT HIM ALIVE!
I WANT TO TEACH HIM JUSTICE!

K'CHANG!
THIS THING WILL VIBRATE THROUGH ANYTHING!
YEAH? THAT FIRST BLOW WAS SO MY BAT COULD MATCH BUZZ-RESONANCE WITH YOUR SAW...
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING...
...ABOU-

I'M GONNA READ YOU YOUR RIGHTS...
UNDER THE POWER INVESTED IN ME BY THE PRESIDENT OF AMERICA, YOU HAVE NO RIGHTS.
YOU'RE DEAD MEAT-- YOU HEAR ME, PUNK?
BLOW THIS PUSBAG AWAY!
SIR?
WELL, YOURS DOESN'T...
AGENT WONG! COME HERE...
OKAY, PUNISHER... DO IT! SHOOT ME! LIFE HAS NO MEANING!
WHAT?!

ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY...THERE ARE OTHERS WHO PLAY GOD.
THEIR DEUS EX MACHINA IS CALLED AN ARMY SURPLUST-PORT GUN...DESIGNED TO TRANSFER SOLDIERS FROM ONE LOCALE TO ANOTHER...
WAGGS! WAGGS! WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, BOY?
SEEN MY DOG? IT'S A DALMATIAN.
SURE... HE'S IN HERE...
...STORED AS DIGITAL INFORMATION.
YOU TELEPORTED HIM...! WH-WHY? WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT? MONEY...?
NO-- JUST FUN.
WANT THE MUTT BACK?
OF COURSE I DO!
OKAY, I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR DOG BACK!

ONE OF THE DANGERS OF THE MACHINE IS THAT THE SUBJECTS HAVE TO BE BEAMED TO AN AREA VACANT OF EXISTING FLESH...
OTHERWISE THE RESULT WOULD BE A MELANGE OF SKIN, BONE, TISSUE AND... PAIN.
I'LL KILL YA OWLL
HAA, HAA, HAA! CHECK OUT THE DOG MAN!
HIS BARK IS WORSE THAN HIS BITE!
IT'S OKAY -- THE GUN'S GOT AN AUTO-LOCATOR... I'M TRACKING AN ALLIGATOR IN THE SEWERS BELOW...
IT IS A KILLING WORTHY OF... PUNISHMENT.
TIME TO DIE, PUNKS.
THOR'S BLOOD! THE PUNISHER!
LET'S HIT THE PUNISHER WITH THAT!

I'LL STUFF THAT TOY OF YOURS WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE!
GUESS AGAIN...
...YOU'RE ABOUT TO BECOME...
...THE PUNIGATOR!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
IT DIDN'T WORK!
WHAT'S GOING DOWN HERE...?
THE PUNISHER... HE-HE'S NOT HUMAN!

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T REALLY JOIN YOUR GANG... I'M GOING TO BE REAL BUSY...
BUT IF YOU'LL JUST STAND THERE, I'D LIKE TO TEST OUT YOUR WORK...
WELL, GUYS... FIRST I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR THE WORK YOU'VE DONE ON ME... ESPECIALLY THE...
PAINFUL BITS...
MY BODY WORKS REAL GOOD NOW! SORRY ABOUT KILLING YOUR MEN, LASER-HEAD...
BUT I ADMIRE YOUR SICK STYLE, SO I'M GONNA LET *YOU* LIVE...
IN FACT, WE MUST DO THIS *AGAIN* SOME TIME!
ER-SURE, JIGSAW...
THE IMMEDIATE PROBLEM DEALT WITH, JIGSAW'S BRAIN SLOWLY REVOLVES BACK TO THE LAST THOUGHT HE HAD BEFORE HE WAS BLASTED FROM THE MOLECULAR VAPORIZER...

I-I CAN'T DO IT, SIR...
CAN'T-- CAN'T JUST KILL A MAN IN COLD BLOOD...
IT'S TIME TO GET *HOT-BLOODED*, WALK YOUR TALK, CADET PUNISHER WONG...!
SIR, I AM HOT-BLOODED-- HE WAS GONNA MURDER ME...
BUT WHAT GIVES ME *THE RIGHT* TO MURDER HIM BACK...?
THERE'S PEOPLE WHO TALK ABOUT PUNISHMENT... AND PEOPLE WHO DO IT...
DON'T ASK ME BY WHAT RIGHT WE TAKE THIS MAN'S LIFE.
WE HAVE THE RIGHT BECAUSE WE'RE HERE AND WE'RE THE ONES DOING THE JOB.

IT'S OKAY, CADET WONG... IT'S OKAY.
GILLIAN, I'M TELLING YOU... YOU DID THE RIGHT THING.
OKAY... ORDER A CLEAN-UP PATROL... GET THIS MEAT OFF THE CARPET...
AND LET'S GET BACK ON THE STREETS... THAT THOUGHT DETECTOR'S REALLY PROVED IT'S WORTH HERE...
AND, SAFFRON, SWITCH THAT BLASTED THING OFF!
THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT AREN'T MEANT TO BE RECORDED!
SPECIAL REPORT - FOR DOOM'S EYES ONLY